THE "SINGING SANDS."

My sister, when you read to me
Your song of "Singing Sands,"
Of tender voices, said to be
Heard on some far-off strands,
What subtile sighings plead to me,
From these strange, white shore-lands!

I wonder if, on silvery meads,
They murmur in their dreams,
As children turn in trundle-beds,
Stirred by sweet, childish themes,
As tho' their downy, golden heads,
Touched song-waves in their gleams.

Our mother, with Madonna face,
Has nurtured, in our youth,
A fellowship with poet-grace,
A yearning toward the truth;
And father's music-loving race
Loved all sweet things of earth.
—Arkansas Traveler.

AN EGYPTIAN INCIDENT.

Forward on the deck, face downward or curled up in all sorts of odd positions, lie the crew, a motley collection of Arabs, Nubians and Osmanlis. There is nothing stirring. The mark of the desert is on all around. Even the sun, now nearly on a level with the Nubian mountains away on the horizon, looks tired and dusty. The intense quiet bothers the colonel; so he yawns and growls once more. He is a widower, with two children—the elder a lad of 18, who has already made something of a reputation as a student of Egyptian remains, having been enamored of the land since the evil day when the Colonel first proposed to winter on the Nile. The second is a gentle lad of ten years, well liked by everybody. He gives his vote for Egypt every winter, because Jack asks it as a favor. They are ashore now after relics, and have promised to report when the dahabeah ties up for the night at Assouan before warping her way through the cataract.

The colonel's eyes follow a movement in the tangled group of figures on the deck. Two men rise, shouting at each other the while. The colonel and the dragoman, who had just poked his head out of his room on the deck, look on lazily. Suddenly one of the disputants makes a rush at the other—the gleam of steel is seen and the crew close around the men. A quick stroke, a shout, anger changed to agony, and a Nubian lies on the deck with the dagger of Aboo, a powerful Arab, in his breast.

All this so quietly that the colonel is still growling that there is nothing stirring to be seen in Egypt, when he reaches the group, and stooping over the wounded man, draws the dagger out. It has left an ugly wound, but not dangerous and as the wounded man is taken in charge by his comrades the colonel turns to the dragoman for an explanation.

With many profuse apologies the dragoman tells how the two men were sleeping side by side when the Nubian inadvertently put his foot against the Arab's face. That was all, and the dragoman smiled and bowed.

The colonel, an old disciplinarian, looked black as night. In effective English he ordered the dragoman, after he discovered that the matter was not reckoned important enough for Egyptian law to recognize, to anchor the dahabeah and send a boat ashore with the culprit and his baggage. To the dragoman's question as to how Aboo was to get back to Cairo the colonel thundered that he might walk. The dragoman bowed and smiled—it was a habit he had learned from a French friend in Cairo—and translated the colonel's remarks to Aboo, adding to them such little pleasantries as he thought of. He could walk. His shoes—this with a smile and a bow, directed to Aboo's bare feet—his shoes might wear out, but—. So Aboo having obtained his dagger and an old ring—his only article of baggage—goes ashore muttering revenge, which the dragoman interprets to the colonel with a smile and a bow. The dahabeah glides on and in an hour is moored at Assouam. The wandering relic hunters return and all aboard retire, for is not the cataract to be traversed at sundown to-morrow?

Before sunrise Col. MacPherson was awakened by the shout of the young gentleman's body servant, who cried excitedly, "Wake, master! We can't find Master Bob. Here is a bit of paper that lay on his bed."

While the colonel rubbed his eyes and looked at the scrap of Arabic the man produced, a commotion occurred outside and the dragoman rushed in with Aboo's dagger in his hand. It had been taken from the breast of the Nubian stabbed to the heart during the night. The boat that had been towed astern of the dahabeah after Aboo's trip ashore was gone. There was no doubt, explained the dragoman, with his customary smile, that the Arab had lain ashore until the lights went out, swam aboard, knifed his enemy, and left again in the boat. At this the colonel, still holding the paper in his hand, turns pale and tremblingly gives in to Jack, who knows Arabic. Dragoman and crew crowd around while he slowly reads: "Aboo might have killed the English dog to fight, but to steal the pride of his tent was a better revenge."

They searched for the fugitives with shrinking hearts after a time, but never a trace of the boy, dead or living, did they find. Almost mad with grief, but not until the hot weather threatened his life, Col. MacPherson returned to Cairo and laid the terrible affair personally before the Khedive. But it was all in vain. Year after year he haunted the Nile, promising backsheesh to an unlimited extent for the restoration of his boy, but the Arabs shook their heads—Aboo had disappeared without leaving any trace. To the father who searched for his lost boy there was no lack of interest now in Egypt.

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"Forward by the right, march!"
Clear and loud comes the command and the ugly, ill-conditioned steeds of the camel corps moved forward with ungainly step. The wells of Aboo Klea are within sight and Sir Herbert Stewart, who marched nine days ago with 1,500 picked men across the desert to reach the Nile and thence to press on to Khartoum, feels that his mission will be successful and that Gordon will be speedily relieved.

So does Capt. Jack MacPherson of the Egyptian army, attached for the present to the camelry, as he sails along on one of the ships of the desert.

He looks forward to the rocky defile by which the route lies, and sees fluttering above a ledge an Arab banner. For an instant he looks at it through his field glass and then rides in haste back along the ranks. A word in Sir Herbert's ear. The troops are halted and a zareba is in process of formation when with beating of war drums and discordant yells that remain unanswered—for the throats of the men are too parched and thirsty to hurrah—a great body of Arabs starts from the underwood around the entrance to the defile, and, headed by many standard bearers, rushes in upon the British square.

With the utmost coolness (for he has been through many such scenes) Capt. MacPherson, after the first rush, picks up the rifle of a dead soldier, unclasps his cartridge belt and plugs away steadily at the nightshirt brigade, as the soldiers have nicknamed the Arabs from their long white robes.

Of all the oncoming hundreds he sees only two men—one the standard-bearer and beside him a young fellow, wonderfully light of skin for an Arab, and with a cap on his head instead of the usual tangled headdress of greased hair worn by the dervishes.

Kneeling as the Arabs come within fifty yards of the square he takes deliberate aim. A flash, and at the same instant the standard-bearer falls prone to the earth. The fair-faced Arab seizes the banner and rushes to the front. Another shot and he, too, falls. In a voice that rings above the din of the battle MacPherson gives the order to fire, and the Arabs, met by a volley at such a range, stagger, and through the smoke are seen to fall back a few paces. Instantly MacPherson rushes out from the square, and before his comrades or the enemy have time to interfere he is again in the midst of his comrades, trembling and pale, but bearing in his arms the young Arab, who still grasps the banner he plucked from the dead leader's hand.

The Arabs mightily thinned in that last brush, fall away. The fight is over and the men, crowded round MacPherson, who is bathing the wounded Arab's thigh where his bullet entered, ask what it all means.

Roberts, who is under the impression that the banner was the prize coveted by McPherson and that his care for the Arab is an after-thought, remarks that the game was hardly worth the candle. But McPherson, looking up for a moment, says, pointing to the wounded Arab:

"My brother."

Instantly the men, most of whom have heard the story of the colonel's bereavement, crowd around the stretcher. Sure enough the resemblance cannot be disputed.

"See," says McPherson becoming less constrained as the intense strain of the last few minutes is relaxed, "I can trace on the back of his right hand the outlines of an anchor. I remember when he put it on he was a very small cub. His hand looked as if it was poisoned and he came to me and got me to scrape most of the ink out again. That's why the mark is so faint. Roberts, send a man out there to bring in the big fellow I shot. That was Aboo, and I think you will find a bullet in his head."

The last words are spoken faintly and MacPherson falls back into the arms of a soldier. Where he stood there is a pool of blood and on examination it is found that he, too, has been wounded in the thigh.

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They were an odd-looking pair, the brothers, as they walked together in the garden of the army hospital at Cairo. It was fortunate that Jack knew Arabic, for his long-lost brother had to learn English over again, having heard never a word of his mother tongue from the night when Aboo, after gagging him, tumbled him into the boat lying astern of the dahabeah until his brother's bullet brought him back to civilization. Of his wanderings he could tell little except that his captor and he had been wayfarers for years in the Soudan and along the desert highways until the insurrection broke out, when he was pressed into the Mahdi's service. Aboo being a volunteer. After a while, he told his brother, he became rather fond of fighting.

"Imphm!" said the colonel, as his elder son translated these remarks, "there is some of the MacPherson in him yet, then." He nodded paternally toward Bob, and then, turning to Jack, said tenderly: "God bless you, my boy, for bringing back my Benjamin even with a bullet!"—Toronto Globe.

Nothing Like Leather.

This at least is said to be the opinion of the porcupine, which regards a good square meal off leather as a true luxury. It will destroy a set of harness in a night, and should a fisherman be so thoughtless as to leave his water-soaked boots out of doors to dry, he may think himself fortunate if they are not chewed to pieces by the sharp teeth of the porcupine. Once a blacksmith's shop was entered during the night by one of these animals, and next morning he found that the creature had eaten up half the bellows. Though that seems to be an uncommonly hearty meal, the porcupine had sense enough not to endanger its quill-covered skin by lingering too long over the feast so unwittingly supplied by the village blacksmith.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Winter Night;

OR,

Found in a Snow-Drift.

CHAPTER VIII. CONTINUED.

Dorothy saw only the love-light in his eyes, the smile of welcome on his lips, as he knelt down and put his arms about her, saying:

"Oh, my beautiful love, how I have longed for you! Darling, are you better? You are white as the snowdrops under your chin, and your lips look too pale to give me a caress. I will kiss them red again.

"Put your arms about my neck, dear; you need comfort me, for my heart is torn with anxiety, for, Dora darling, I cannot find little Ally."

"Ah, but you will, darling! I shall soon be strong and well again, and we will go out in the world to look for her together; my woman's wit shall help you, and we will wander the wild world over till we find our little treasure. Take comfort, dear heart, she will be well cared for and kindly treated, for she is so sweet and loveable no one could harm her."

"Do you know who stole her, darling?"

"No; who was it? She was very wicked, the woman who tore her from me that horrible night. Oh, Pierce, why did she do you such a cruel wrong—what spite had she against you?"

"When you are well enough to hear my history, dear, you will understand and pity me. Now you must think of nothing but getting well.

"No one has discovered you, dear, that is good tidings. You could not bear worry now, my poor pale snowdrop."

The dusk came upon them as they sat in the bright firelight, chatting happily.

Pierce held Dorothy's hand, and he looked into her face, listening to her voice in a lull of spirits very pleasant after the rushing life he had led of late.

The next day was dull and stormy, and after luncheon Dorothy was taken very tenderly into the cosy sitting-room that led from the hall.

Mrs. Steel had gone home to see her youngsters, so the lovers were alone, and, lover-like, said many sweet things to each other.

Pierce put off the unhappy recital of his history.

"I will wait till she has had time to rest and recover herself," he thought as he looked down lovingly upon the little recumbent figure on the pretty crimson satin couch.

The starry eyes looked up fondly at him, the little hands clasped over his arm were white as the snow-flakes that fell noiselessly outside.

All inside was warm and cosy, and outside was chill and dull.

Pierce, after propping Dorothy up with pillows, bent over her and kissed her fair face, saying:

"How nice it is to be alone together, Dora, darling! I am afraid lovers are very selfish, they want to shut all the world out from even the sight of their happiness. You feel stronger to-day, don't you? I can see just a faint rosebloom on your cheek like the first flush of dawn in the sky. Confound it, who is that?"

This last remark was called forth by a loud impatient knocking at the hall door.

From the sitting-room they could see a carriage covered with snow, two steaming horses and a coachman in a fur cape.

"I will be back directly, dear. Try to get a doze."

Pierce paused on the threshold, the keen air flew past him from the open door, fanning Dorothy's cheek, and making the fire-flames leap and dance.

A well-known voice made the blood curdle in Dorothy's veins, a smooth clear voice saying:

"I am Horace Middleton, Mr. Penfold, and I have come to reclaim something which you have of mine."

"Unless you wish to take the whole household into your confidence, sir, kindly, let whatever you have to ask me wait until we are alone. Jane, show this gentleman into my study, I will join him directly."

Pierce entered the sitting-room again, flew to Dorothy's side, and said in a low passionate undertone:

"Don't be frightened, my own darling, all will be well. Lie still, no one shall disturb you."

"Oh, Pierce, you will not let that man take me away? I shall die if you do."

"No one shall take away my promised wife. Trust to me. I would rather die than lose you."

In a second he was gone, and Dorothy, listening nervously, heard the study door open and close.

She wished she could be invisible for a wee while and hear what passed between the man she loved and the man she hated, herself unheard, unseen.

She became so nervous at last that she rang the bell, and requested Jane to send someone for Dr. Steel at once. Thinking she felt worse, Jane hastened away to comply with her request.

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When the two men met face to face in the study, where the gas burnt brightly, they scanned each other curiously.

Pierce Penfold was the first to speak.

"What have you to say to me, Mr. Middleton? My time is precious, please be brief."

Mr. Middleton, who was a big fair man with a trimly-cut red beard, clever grey eyes, and the smile of a seraph, said in his smooth clear way:

"I came here, as the police reports say, from 'information received,' to demand that my ward, Miss Gower, of Castle Gower, be restored to her proper guardian—myself. She ran away in a fit of childish temper early in the evening of Christmas Eve. I hear she sought shelter here, and has remained ever since content with the entertainment you have afforded her."

Pierce Penfold's lips curled scornfully, then, as he was about to reply, Mr. Middleton hastily interrupted him, his suavity giving place to rage.

"Do not deny the charge of unlawfully harboring an infant in the sight of the law, Sir, I demand that my ward be given up at once to my just authority."

"And I refuse to give her up to one who has outraged every tie of honor. I consider your conduct to that defenceless girl scandalous in an extreme. There is no court in England that would not release her from so debasing a guardianship. I would rather die than give her up to a bondage that dishonors her sex."

"How dare you speak so to me, sir? I will make you prove this dastardly accusation. Who with any sense would credit the vile fabrications of an hysterical girl, who, in a fit of childish temper, chooses to fling aside the restraint society puts upon her, and wanders away from home like a common tramp or a gipsy wench, such as you once picked out from her native mire?"

"Your immoderate speech betrays your own base heart; you insult yourself more than you do me. Your ward was driven from home by your insults. Your own conscience is the best accuser; I see by your coward's eyes you know I speak the truth. If you are sensible you will go away in silence, and leave your ward where she is."

"I am not quite an idiot, Mr. Penfold. You are a young man, and may like to play the part of a Don Juan. I must protect my ward from such unfair influence. Where is she? I insist upon seeing her. She has given me trouble enough, I must assert my authority. You know of course that she is under age?"

"I know that if she were of age you would not rule a moment at Castle Gower. You cannot see her; she has been very ill, and is in no fit state to see anyone. She gave me a message, which was that she will not enter Castle Gower while you are there."

"Ill health is only a paltry excuse; she must and shall return if I have to take her away by force."

"You would have to lift her over my dead body if you carried her away by force."

"Sir, I have no time to bandy words with you. Let me see my ward at once. I have authority, and evidently must exert it."

"I tell you she is ill—totally unfit to be bothered by you. She is not a child, and she stays here at her own desire."

"I have only your bare word for that."

The door opened slowly and Dorothy entered, a light in her eyes Pierce had never seen before. She toyed with the jeweled cross at her neck with the hand that was adorned by her father's masonic ring.

The two men looked at her as though she was a being from another world.

Pierce said entreatingly:

"For God's sake, go to your room, Dorothy, and leave me to deal with this man alone!"

"I will go, Pierce, when I have told him that I stay here of my own free will. You saved me from being frozen to death; my life, my love, are yours. I am your promised wife, by that dear bond I beg you to protect me from that man's misused power. He has tried to make me a shame to my sex, he has betrayed every tie of truth, and friendship.

"To save myself from worse than death I left my home to wander away I knew not whither, until you found me, half-dead in the snow-drift, when he made me desperate by the wicked wrong he would have wrought me had I been a weaker woman."

Dorothy looked hardly earthly, as she stood like an accusing angel before the man her dead mother had counted as a king among his fellows, and his bold eyes drooped beneath the scornful fire of hers. His voice was hoarse as he hissed:

"You must come home with me; that man has a wife already."

"It is false! Oh, Pierce, my darling, tell him it is false," she cried in agonised accents as she sank upon her knees before them."

Pierce took her hand kindly, and, assisting her to rise, said:

"My dearest, I had a wife, but the law has freed me from her for ever, or I should not have dared to sue for this dear hand. Stand up, my love, and keep a brave heart, no one shall harm you."

"But yourself, I suppose, sir. Don't listen to him, Dorothy, he is telling an untruth. I saw his wife but a few days ago."

"You saw my wife, as you choose to call her—you saw Alison Lee? For the love of mercy tell me quickly, had she my little child with her? Where is she?"

Horace Middleton laughed unpleasantly, while Dorothy bent forward, her lips apart, her hands clasped, as though to add to the father's entreaty.

"I knowing nothing of the child. The mother is a fine woman, with plenty of spirit in her. She told me where to find my truant ward. Come, Dorothy, be quick and sensible; the carriage is outside, put on your cloak and come. I have no time to spare."

"I will not come—wild horses should not drag me back to the awful fate you wish to doom me to."

"You would rather stay as this man's mistress, since you cannot be his wife. But I will not allow you to drag the name your mother bore with honor into the dust. Come, I say; if you will not I shall carry you."

"Lay not a finger on her, if you value your life, and beg her pardon on your knees for the insult you have offered her before me. Down, I say, or I will force you, you cowardly liar!"

Pierce threw himself upon him, and tried to force him down on his knees. Blows were struck, and curses exchanged, when a quiet voice said calmly:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, you are really too old to play at leap-frog, and before a lady too. Come away, my dear."

Dr. Steel hastily led Dorothy out of the room, then returned and said, as he tried to part the two combatants:

"Come, gentlemen, you can't keep all the fun to yourselves. I like a fight as well as anybody; go and have it out in the road, the servants will hold your hats and enjoy the fun. It's greedy to keep all the excitement bottled up in a bit of a place like this."

By dint of much struggling and getting a few blows, the doctor succeeded in parting the two men, who glared at each other like two bull-dogs when their collars are twisted to choke them off.

"Gentlemen, I do believe I've got the worst of the battle, the moral of which is, 'never meddle with what may not concern yourself.' Now I have a word to say while you pull yourselves together, and that is that if this row is about Miss Gower, as her medical man, I say she is in no fit state to be removed. Now can't you brother-masons come to terms?"

"I would never treat with such a scoundrel," said Pierce.

"My remedy is in the hands of the law," said Horace Middleton.

"Then let it remain there; the remedy may prove worse than the disease. Mr. Middleton, leave your ward in my hands. Pierce, dear boy, show the gentleman the door."

"But I refuse to go unless my ward goes with me."

"Refusal is ridiculous; an Englishman's house is his castle, he can kick you out. Remember Miss Gower's horses are waiting, don't prove an unjust reward."

Horace Middleton went white; Dr. Steel had said the last words with a strange significance that made the man wince.

"What do you mean, sir, by your base insinuation?"

"I mean that if the cap fits, wear it."

"Leave my house at once, and before you enter it again, remember that discretion is a valuable weapon to wield. Jane, open the door for this gentleman."

"I will go now, but I will return when you are cooler, Mr. Penfold."

"Which will be all the worse for you, for the cooler one keeps the better one is able to keep one's head out of chancery. Are you going, sir, or shall I assist you?"

"Certainly not, sir, unless you want your neck broken."

"I should be more likely to dislocate my ankle; I don't kick with my head."

"Understand, Mr. Penfold, that I go to appeal against this illegal detention of my ward. I will not consent to a vulgar quarrel, but the law is on my side and I shall insist upon having my authority respected. Had not Dr. Steel informed me it would be injurious to her health, I should have compelled Miss Gower to accompany me; as it is I shall send for her in the course of a few days, and if she still refuses to come, I must find means to ensure my authority being respected. Young girls cannot be allowed to leave home and position, and forfeit their good names just for a whim; such caprices are insufferable."

With a great show of dignity Horace Middleton went away, while Dr. Steel and Pierce looked at each other and smiled.

CHAPTER XI.

"You had better come to me at once, dear," said Mrs. Steel when she heard of the scene there had been in her absence.

Dorothy lay, white and weary, on her couch. Pierce had been bathing her forehead with some sweet essence that made the room smell like a flower-garden.

The scene had upset her, and following it came Pierce's entreaty for an early marriage.

He had told her his history in a few words.

While at Oxford he fell in love with a girl who was at a small boarding-school, and, led away by boyish ardor, married her, disregarding the fact that she was but a beautiful gipsy, whom her ambitious parents wished to make a fine lady.

She behaved pretty well the first year, then a boy was born, whom she simply worshiped. He died in a childish illness, and instead of being chastened by grief, she seemed to be made desperate.

She sought excitement far and near, visited her own people, and, to Pierce's annoyance, spent most of her time with them when they brought their circus to Cardiff.

One member of the company was a handsome athlete, a man of splendid physique and the brain of a brute.

Alison was cautioned against encouraging his attentions, but she disregarded all advice, and her foolish parents indulged her in this as in every other whim.

It ended in her husband hearing of the flirtation, and forbidding her to hold any intercourse with her father or any member of his company.

After this, Pierce met his wife and her lover in the Sophia Gardens, and horsewhipped the handsome athlete and ordered his wife home, where there was an awful scene, which was followed by many days of estrangement and misery.

When the circus went away, Mrs. Penfold was missing.

She had cast aside her fetters, and flown away free to the roving life she loved.

She left her baby behind without regret.

Her father, a fierce-tempered old fellow, fancied his girl had been badly used by her husband, so he protected her from the wronged man's just anger, and excused her sin.

He would have pardoned anything for the pleasure of keeping his handsome girl with him.

This, of course, is a bare outline of much domestic misery that Dorothy understood and sympathised with in all the tenderness of her heart.

Then came the history of divorce.

"You remember my coming home on New Year's Eve, dearest, full of happy relief? Well, that day saw the last of all trouble connected with that dark page in my history. I was free.

"I had settled with my lawyers about the allowance it was my wish to make her, so that she should have no excuse for sin. I wanted to wash my hands of all connected with her, and begin afresh with the new year, new aims, new hopes.

"Now, knowing all, can you love me and be happy as my wife?"

"I can love you all my life, dearest, but do you think it can be right to marry a man whose wife is still alive? That is not living together in holy wedlock as long as both shall live. Can anyone, in sight of God, be justified in taking another woman till his wife is dead?"

"Why, certainly, if she takes another man. Pray, my pet, do not let any foolish scruple of fancied honor come between us. Is your little head more sure in judgment than the laws of our land? Justice has pronounced me free to wed afresh, and I am sure God did not intend a woman's sin should keep a man lonely all his life. Man was not made to live alone. Think how empty my life is, sweetheart, and make it replete with joy. Say you will be my wife soon, as you promised. Think of little Ally, and your wish to help me find her. Surely I am not to wander away alone. I should be so miserable. Speak to Mrs. Steel, she is a good, pure woman; she will tell you her opinion, and I am sure she will be on my side."

Dorothy promised to do so, and heard quite a motherly homily from the sensible little soul, who, as Pierce had surmised, was all on his side.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

Three Little Words.

With the three little words, "why," "how" and "what," it is quite possible for some blockhead to puzzle a philosopher. "Why does the magnetic needle point always to the north?" "How was the universe made?" "What is light?" Here are three questions that any fool may ask, yet that all the wisdom in the world can not answer. There are hundreds of other queries as simple and as likely to suggest themselves to the inquisitive, to which science can make no satisfactory reply.

On the other hand, positive philosophy, history, the mechanic arts and other practical branches of human knowledge, afford conclusive responses to a vast number of important "whys" and "hows" and "whats." All that it is necessary for man to know he can learn from these sources, and education in its best sense consists in the broadcast diffusion of the information they afford, in its simplest, clearest form.

Europeans say we are an overcurious people—that we examine and cross-examine strangers about matters with which we have no concern. That's a mistake. Everything in the way of information that any human being is willing to impart concerns us. We want to know. If those we question do not choose to answer, or can not answer, our "whys" and "hows" and "whats" they can say so. We shall not be offended by the rebuff; but ask we will.

A Lucky 7-Year-Old Boy.

The Archduchess Valerie of Austria has constituted herself the good genius of a boy of 7, who is already a musician of great promise. The Archduchess has promised to defray the cost of the child's musical education, and he, to show his gratitude, has composed a serenade for the forthcoming marriage of his patroness. The boy, whose name is Spielmann, was 5 years old when the Archduchess first heard him play and is looked upon as a prodigy. The Archduchess wisely made it a condition that he was not to appear publicly until he was grown up.

"Some to the fascination of a name, surrender judgment hoodwinked," but we would advise all persons suffering with rheumatism or sciatica, not to speculate in names, but get a 25 cent bottle of Salvation Oil and rub it on.

Montana has issued an absolute boycott against the Chinese.

I have suffered with a severe cold all fall and winter and couldn't secure any relief until I commenced using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Since that time my head has been clear and I've experienced no difficulty in breathing. I consider it a most wonderful remedy. TOM W. WINDER,
Ed. (Warsaw, Ind.) Wasp.

Great Britain used 500,000 barrels of our apples the past year.

Lane's Family Medicine.
Moves the Bowels each day. A pleasant herb drink

China eats American quail.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

A cushion car wheel is new.

If you want to complete your shorthand write to W. G. Chaffee, Oswego, N. Y.

Coal is $25 a ton in Venezuela.

An Exciting Contest.

"Home Cheer" that excellent literary and family paper published in New York, offers nearly a thousand dollars in cash prizes. See advertisement in this paper.

Aluminium coats have come.

Dr. Foote's new pamphlet on **Varicocele** tells all about it, and what all men ought to know. Sent (sealed) for 10 cents. Box 788, New York.

India servants get $2 a month.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Denver has a reporters' union.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Insects are killed by electricity.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fit after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The first strike in this country was the sailors' strike of New York in 1802.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co.,
Sold by druggists, 75c. Toledo, O.

Indianapolis will have a co-operative laundry.

WHERE THE FARMERS MAKE MONEY.

Farming on poor land or in localities where drought, hailstorms or other climatic disturbances are prevalent does not pay. A good year does not compensate for the several bad ones to which it is neighbor. It has now been clearly demonstrated that for wheat, oats, barley, and live stock the successful farmers are those who have gone north and west. Their wheat yield is heavier, their cattle of larger size and better condition than any raised by their southern friends. Not only is this so in the United States, but our Canadian cousins find themselves with unexpected wealth in their new provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan. Their crop of 1891 has surpassed the figures given even by the boomsters. Manitoba is sought out by the eastern Canadians as the Israelites sought for the promised land, but with more expedition and a better spirit, and they are spreading into and taking possession of the equally fertile prairies and park lands of the territories beyond, which, with great enterprise, they have gridironed with railways. The New York Sun, in an article on the Canadian provinces west of the Red River, said that people from those parts smiled at the stunted grain in the more eastern districts of the continents. Said the Sun; "Men who have seen many seasons of Minnesota wheat-raising said in Manitoba last week that they had never looked upon such wheat-fields before," and the St. Paul Journal speaks of that country as "The future granary of the world, which, with beckoning fingers, invites the home-hungering people of the congested east to its hospitable and rich domain."

Preachers and churches who please everybody are the kind who never have revivals.

The reported organization of a company to raise black cats for their fur is not a new thing of its kind. The law reports of the state of Maryland contain what is known as the "Black Cat Case," a suit growing out of the claim of a man who had acted as manager of a similar enterprise for Colonel Carroll, on Poplar Island, in the Chesapeake bay.